but it is his youngest son, a lithe handsome youth of sixteen, who will lead us.

Little by little the statice becomes mingled with blue pompons that I think are shepherd's scabious. Higher up, big stemless thistles fixed close to the earth like spits. Over a field of lavender euphrasy is flying a *Parnassian Apollo;* I remember my delight when as a child I first saw this superb butterfly in the Jura; I thought then that it was found only in the Alps. We follow the stream separating Andorra from France; for some time we have been in Andorra.

My burning feet were slipping in my overwide sandals; I was ashamed of feeling so tired. A little before reaching the pass, we sat down a moment beside a trickle of a spring without beauty. It filtered, ice-cold, between the sheets of shale; you think you are merely going to moisten your lips, but you cannot refrain from drinking. Companions! If I had been alone, there I should have stopped, lying beside the spring; I should have drunk more than one glass; then I should have gone down slowly toward Hospitalet. —We set out again.

The hay is being drawn; the peasants are bringing the shocks home on their heads. Herds of cows and bulls as we go through the pass; herds of horses.

Dead snow, before reaching the summit; on the edge of the snow, gentians. The vegetation does not seem to me different from that of the Alps; yet dwarf pines take the place of the annoying larches and spruces.

In short, these mountains have no other advantage over the Alps than that they are a bit less high, a bit more to the south, and, hence, bathed with a little less crude light. Yet the Greeks or the Latins would have experienced here the same terror of the chaotic: "This region that God created to be horrible/* Montesquieu would have repeated never-theless.

On the Spanish side, dark-blue aconites; lower down, the china-blue sword-shaped iris; surprised to find it here in the wild state.

Unable to go any farther than Soldeu (which is pronounced Sol-deou), a paltry village where we can spend the night. For some time now I have been thinking only of a bath. As soon as we have made sure of a lodging in the inn, we go down toward the stream. A waterfall was foaming not far off, which we reached over huge slippery blocks of stone; more aerated, the water seemed less cold; each of us in turn got under the deep shower; it was amidst a thick eddy of foliage into which the sun plunged its last rays,

Rosada: I shall tell of the meal on the covered terrace. The torrent seemed to swell its voice in the evening. At the moment I am writing